
Title: Dance with Malabelle

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Wreaking nearly as much
havoc as the Dark
Mistress, her minions
descended upon the people
of Britannia. Juo'nar, the
vile lich lord, stood atop
the gutted battlements of
Trinsic to cry orders to

the ceaseless undead
troops. Keeonean led
vicious attacks on the
city of Yew. And
Malabelle - the powerful
sorceress trained at the
whim of Minax, who
wreaked her own
vengeance on the
defenders of Trinsic.

Our spotlight today joins
Jhary a Conel and his
guildmates as they rally
to the defense of Trinsic,
and Jhary meets up with
Malabelle herself.

“My guildmate,
Beneviste, and I joined
the Coalition tonight to
attempt a foothold in
Trinsic. We were assigned
to the South Gate. I got
a gate at the bank to
the city and headed to
the gate, Beneviste
discovered that his rune
had been damaged in
battle with a murderer
who attacked the guild
house some days ago, and
so was unable to join me
in the battle.

“I stood on the walls
above the gate,
accompanied by a mage, I
was ready to provoke the

beast while my companion
would launch magical
attacks.

“We thought ourselves
reasonably safe until a
horde of Lich Lords and
skeleton knights appeared
almost on top of us. We
both retreated, hopelessly
outnumbered, only to find
another batch of knights
coming the other way.
We were trapped. My
colleague was able to
teleport to the relative
safety of the town
streets and I faced the
undead alone with only my
flashing blade to protect
me.

“Only two knights could
attack me at any one
time due to the
narrowness of the walls,
and if I could provoke
them to fight amongst
themselves I might just
survive. However it was
not to be, for coming
towards me along the wall
was none other than
Malabelle herself. She told
me I ‘was on her
walls.’ I replied ‘They
are my walls as much as
yours, call your minions
off and face me, spawn
of darkness, for I am
the Baird an Lochran, the
Bard of Light. For as
you are of the darkness
so I am of the light.’
She laughed and hurled
bolts of energy at me.
Desperately I played my
lute hoping to provoke
the closest of the undead
to attack her, however
her control over her
minions was greater than
my abilities. I heard the
air scream with the
launching of another bolt
of energy and knew no
more.

“Unbeknownst to me, my comrade in arms had evaded the enemy and returned in time to see Malabelle head north into the city. It seems that Malabelle had underestimated my strengths and my new friend was able to rouse me from unconsciousness and heal me back to full strength.

“We headed north to find Malabelle and a host of lich lords battling a large group of defenders, I paused to provoke the liches away from the defenders and made my way towards Malabelle.

“I unsheathed my blade and made my way towards her, ‘We meet again lady of darkness, now we shall see whether Light can defeat Darkness’. I attacked with all the strength in my body, and felt my blade hit her, but slide away doing little damage. She bore magical protection of some description, however the blow was enough to interrupt the spell she was casting. I smiled. I might not be able to kill her but I could stop her casting spells.

“As I slashed away at her, more warriors moved in to aid me, as they moved away to defend themselves from undead attacks others took their place. Malabelle was becoming frustrated because she could not cast a spell through the shining web of steel placed before her and her powers. Then, by some devilish means she vanished and reappeared

30 feet away. This was no magic spell; it may have been the hand of her mistress rescuing her.

“Two warriors and myself rushed to where she now stood attempting to cast a spell, I dove forward and lashed out with my blade, cutting into her wrist. Again I did little damage, but it was enough to interrupt her.

““Ha ha, lady, yet again not fast enough. Face to face you are not as powerful as you would have us believe. Know this, I am the Light in the Darkness that can never be destroyed’. Her response was a scowl, I smiled in return.

“More and more blows my colleagues and I rained down upon her. Whatever magic protected her was still working. All we were doing was blunting our blades until they seemed more like clubs than swords, but the tactic was working, while we accosted her she was unable to slay any of the brave defenders.

“Finally with a snarl of frustration she used her magic leap and reappeared behind the barricades the undead have erected within the town. From there she vanished, I assume she scuttled back to her mistress to tell of our encounter.

“We rallied at the Trinsic jail, where Castile Elan, Ezekiel and some other healers had set up much needed facilities. As the night wore on we

beat down attack after
attack at the jail, until
word came that Malabelle
had been sighted at the
temple of the undead.
Eager to renew my
acquaintance with the
lady, I made my way to
the temple and sure
enough she was there
hurling spells at our
leaders, Pad O'Lion and
Dardan Brook. I took the
steps three at a time
and raced towards her.
She looked round as I
approached and the look
on her face seemed to
say 'Oh no, not him
again'. Once more I could
not hurt her, but I was
enough of an annoyance
to stop her spellcasting.

"As I drove her
backwards, I must have
stood on some sort of
teleporting device for I
found myself on the roof
of the building and
immediately surrounded by
liches, skeletons and
zombies.

"I ran for my life, but
a blow from a lich's
staff sent me tumbling
into oblivion.

"I awoke a few minutes
later to find that the
rooftop battle had been
won by the Coalition
troops, however the
streets were still in
dispute. By now I was
feeling the effects of
battle, my armour was
almost useless to me, and
my sword was more
club-like than ever. These
facts as well as my now
starting to feel the
wounds inflicted in the
battles encouraged me to
return to Skara Brae to
gain some much needed
healing, rest, and new

equipment before I
endeavor to return to
Trinsic.